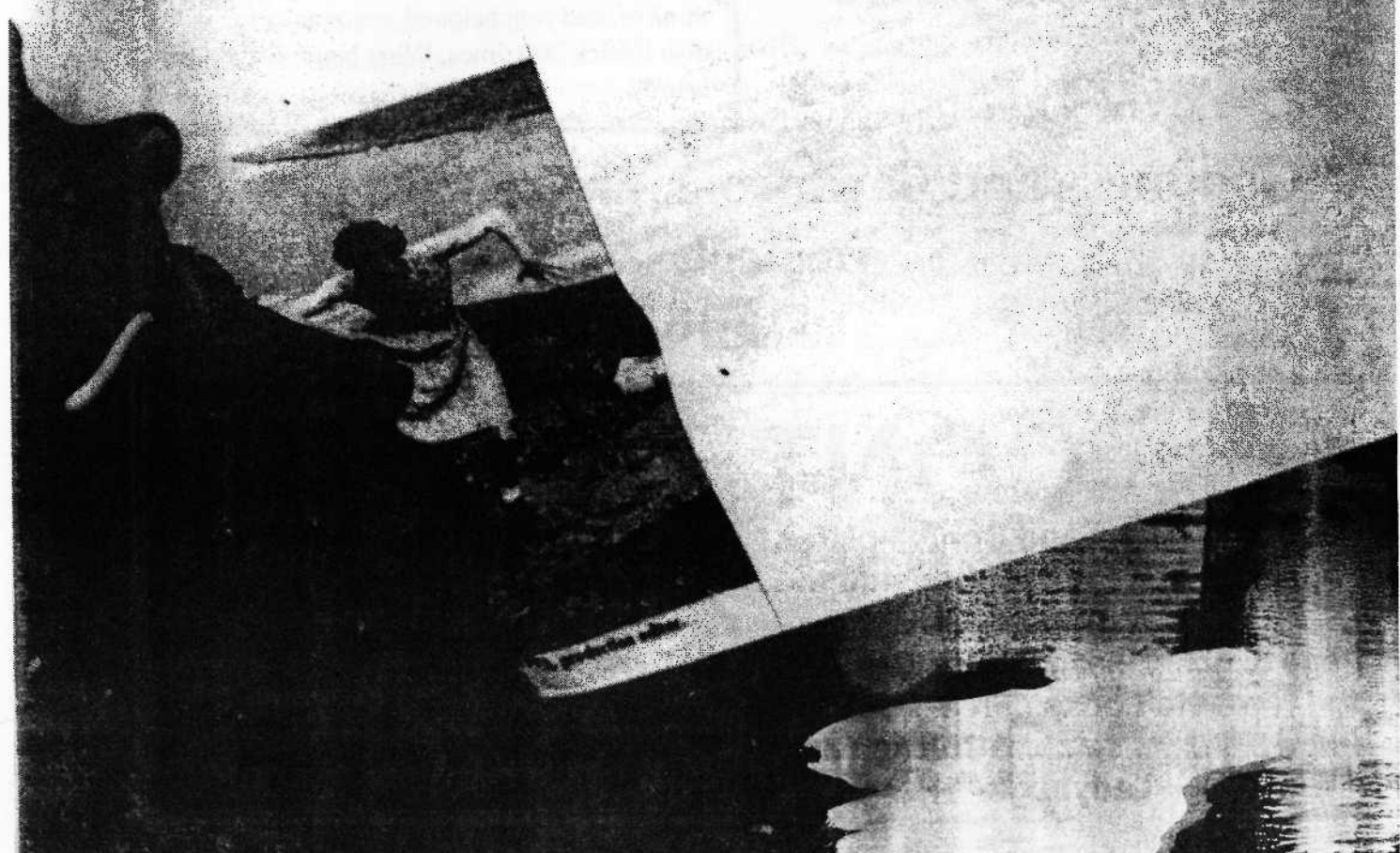


The phoenix

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE



The Omen

Volume 6, Number 4

October 20, 1995

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Jonathan Land.....Managing Editor
Ben Sanders.....Production Editor
Ashley Nelson.....Pre-Production Editor
Scott Matz.....Graphics Editor
Emily Belz.....Graphics Editor
Anna Seney....."News" Editor
Josh Brassard.....Section Hate Editor
Amber Cortes.....Music Editor

STAFF

Lauren Ryder.....Typed A Lot Of Things
This Week
Some Chick in Dakin.....Printer Abuse

CONTRIBUTORS

Wil Doane
Danielle Tropea
Jeremy Treppin

"Goodness and hard work are rewarded with respect."

-Luther Campbell

CONTENTS

Page 3.....Mr. Land Contemplates
Page 4.....A New Constitution
Proposal
Page 6.....I See O.J. And
He Looks...Free
Page 8.....Chicken and
Ladybugs

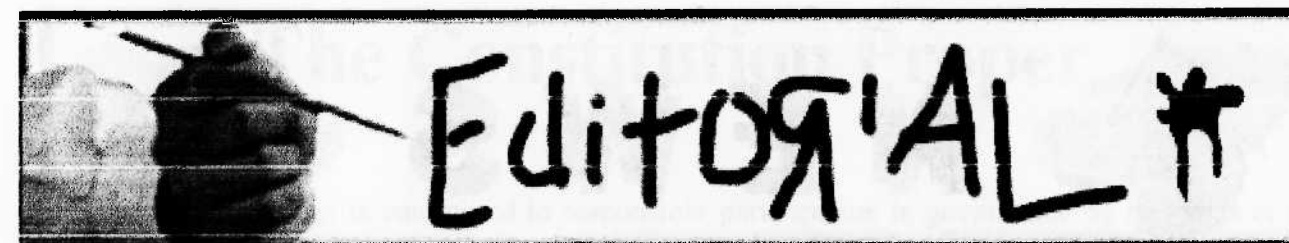
Page 9.....What The Hell is This?
Page 10.....Fiction Follies
Page 23.....The World of Indie
Rock
Page 24.....It's The
Omen's New Wave-esque
Weekend.

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 300 times. What better way to be heard?



Where's Hunter When We Need 'im?

As Mr. Land sits at his desk and ponders, "Why?" he realizes he isn't being specific enough with his brief line of questioning. Jonathan B. Land is the editor of a newspaper called The Omen. Maybe you've heard of it...probably not.

Mr. Land turns around in his comfortable leather chair that he ordered from the Sharper Image. You know, the one with the stereo built in and the speakers in the headrest. He is listening to an executive management tape, it helps him keep his sometimes unruly editors and staff in line. He says to himself, "I can't believe Fi-Com bought all this. At least all those damned acappella groups were stiffed this semester. Fuck the arts."

The view from the 37th floor of Dakin I (a special wing of Dakin built in some unimportant person's memory) is magnificent. The sheep look like ants. The ants aren't visible to the naked eye, Mr. Land just assumes they still exist.

It's time for Jonathan Land's one o'clock appointment with Melissa Roth from Rolling Stone. She enters and grabs a seat next to Mr. Land's guardkoala. (The order got screwed up, but the thing was so cute, he couldn't part with it.) She's not very in-

timidated as the guardkoala climbs into her lap and starts chewing on her hair. She laughs, it's a wig anyway. She has a roomful of them at home.

"Mr. Land, I'm here to interview you for our fall college issue." They talk for an hour about campus life, classes, technology, professors, sex, drugs, but no rock and roll. She tells him that he gave her a lot of good quotes on many different subjects. Mr. Land looks forward to the national recognition. He's a glutton for press, both good and bad.

Ms. Roth leaves after having a drink from the minibar in the revolving wall, behind the picture of Harry S. Truman. Mr. Land feels good about the interview, although he realizes that many of the things he said will have to be stricken for their libelous content. He looks at the picture of Truman, winks at it and says, "One day Harry...one day...the buck will stop nowhere, and then we will be truly free."

A couple months later Mr. Land received two follow-up calls from other Rolling Stone employees. The second call finds Mr. Land in a peculiar situation. A curt man asks him, "When is Hampshire's 'Trip or Treat' party?" Mr. Land corrects him,

"Are you referring to 'Hampshire Halloween'?" The man says, "yeah, that". Mr. Land tries to remember if the event usually happens on a Friday or Saturday so he can estimate a date. He says, "I'm not entirely sure, but I think it might be Saturday, October 28th." "Good enough," the man blurts out, then hangs up. What a nerve.

Mr. Land kills time and small woodlands creatures waiting for the issue to come out. Once again, he realizes he's going to be quoted only minimally, but at least it would be his quote. He has one of his underlings fetch him the issue. He rummages through it.

There's one mention of Hampshire College's "Trip or Treat" party, followed by a bunch of comments that Mr. Land knows that he didn't make.

"I thought we media-controlling Jews stuck together," Mr. Land says to himself as he ponders this event. He sits back in his chair, does a line of coke, attempts to seduce his secretary, and tells Harry, "The world can't operate like this. The integrity, the style...it's all gone."

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
The Omen



Re: The New Constitution...

{This letter was presented to Community Council on Tuesday. With any luck, the current Constitution should be in next weeks issue. We had to leave it out cause this issue is going to be to damn big already -Jon + Ben}

Community Council Constitutional Committee

To: Community Council Representatives: *Lorenzo Gaines, Tom Zuccotti, Emily Lavelle, Sarah Auchter, Patrick Smith, Nelly Ramirez, Tom Levitan, David Kerr, Stan Warner, Pat Mistark, Issac Bromberg*

Council Candidates: *Lindsay Baum, David Lincoln, Michael Menendez, Patrick Miller, Alex Rose, Alfonso Stephenani, Sage O. Wike-Brown*

Gina Longo, Noah St. John

All Faculty, Staff, Students, Administration, and House Offices

From: Wil Doane, Community Council Parliamentarian, At Large Rep.

Date: October 11, 1995

IMPORTANT NOTICE

As I'm sure most of you are aware, Hampshire College has been in the process of developing a new Constitution for several years now. The process has been long and hard, and I myself only joined in the process Spring semester '95.

When Community Council first met this year, it was clear that the mood was one of change: Faculty and Council alike were ready to finally adopt a new constitution. To that end, Council formed the *Community Council Constitutional Committee (CCCC)* to consider the proposals for new Constitutions.

The CCCC quickly found that neither of the two proposals which were on the table (the so-called Senate/Council version and the Rakoff/Garfield version) were complete of themselves. Major revision was required if either was to form the basis for Constitutional revision.

The CCCC undertook this task and has produced the attached document: a draft new Council constitutional proposal. We believe that this new proposal addresses the core issues concerning community governance at Hampshire today: issues of equity of representation, division of powers, resolution of issues between governance bodies, standards of community living, etc etc.

Please take the time to read and consider seriously the draft new Council proposal. We hope that this will be adopted as the platform for constitutional revision.

Council will consider this proposal on Tuesday, October 17, 1995 at 3:15pm in FPH 105. Unfortunately, the Faculty Meeting is also scheduled for Tuesday, at 3:30pm in West Lecture Hall. We hope that Council will have time to consider this matter and will announce at the Faculty Meeting the official adoption of this proposal as the Council endorsed constitutional proposal. Further, we hope that the Faculty Meeting will endorse this proposal soon thereafter.

Both meetings are open to the Hampshire Community and I encourage you to attend.

Continued on next page

The Constitution Proper

Continued from previous page

Preamble

Hampshire College is committed to responsible participation in governance by members of all constituencies of the College: faculty, students, staff and administration.

Deliberation shall be informed with respect for all members of the community, and with tolerance for divergent viewpoints; The goals of all governance bodies of Hampshire College shall be the furtherance of the educational mission of the College and the welfare of the individual and the institution.

Article I: Faculty

Section 1: Jurisdiction

The Faculty shall be responsible for those matters delegated to it by Article VII of the Bylaws of the Trustees of Hampshire College. Such responsibilities shall include maintenance of the relationship of Hampshire College to the surrounding community insofar as that relationship involves the educational program of the College; determination and approval of the curriculum, academic calendar, degree requirements; and determination of academic standards including the obligations of the faculty, students, and College. The Faculty shall also insure the well-being and good governance of the College.

The Faculty shall delegate power to conduct business relating to the educational program of the College; except for the nomination for degrees, faculty appointments, reappointments, and promotions; to an Educational Policy Council as herein defined in Article II.

The Faculty shall delegate power to conduct business relating to the quality of life of members of the Hampshire community as well as the well-being of the Hampshire community to a Community Council as herein defined in Article III.

Section 2: Membership

The membership of the Faculty is defined in Article VII of the Bylaws of the Trustees of Hampshire College.

Section 3: Faculty Meeting

The Faculty shall form a body to be called the Faculty Meeting.

Members of the Faculty Meeting shall include all those then holding Faculty appointment, less those then on leave. The Faculty Meeting shall be convened by the President of the College and chaired by the Chair of the Executive Committee of the Faculty, as herein defined in Article I, Section 4.

The Faculty Meeting shall meet to vote the nominations for degrees, faculty appointments, reappointments, and promotions; to hear reports of actions taken by the Executive Committee of the Faculty, Educational Policy Council, and Community Council; or for any other business it deems appropriate.

The Faculty Meeting may consider any action of the Executive Committee of the Faculty, Educational Policy Council or Community Council and may modify or repeal such action if a two-thirds majority of those then holding Faculty appointment, less those then on leave, vote to do so.

The Faculty Meeting shall determine the rules for its own procedures.

Section 4: Executive Committee of the Faculty

Continued on page 15

SECTION HATE

Josh Goes Looking for Closure

Section Hate - October 07, 1995

Okay. There's pretty much nothing happening on this campus by way of controversy. Yeah, sure, there's that whole "memo from Greg" thing, but, to me, it's just another unfortunately stupid move on the part of *El Capitan*. It's boring. And, of course, there is the joyfully-renewed hatred for ACC, which, by all means, is a wonderful thing to see - but it's been written to death over the course of the past two years or so. Other than those two niceties, I can't think of anything else to write about in terms of this campus. Well, actually, I can, but I've done enough public venting for a good, long while . . . besides, there's that tricky libel issue. But I digress.

And so, I find myself turning the glorious, burning eye that is Section Hate to the outside world. It does exist, contrary to public opinion. And what does this outside world have in store for us? What frighteningly complex issue is now to rear its ugly head? Could it be the Republican Party? No. The presidential race? Nope. Colin Powell? Negative. Abortion? *Non*. Bosnia-Herzegovina? Nah. It's none of

these things. We're talking about something of astounding importance and significance. We're talking about something eminently more newsworthy. We're talking about something that could shake the patterns of history like a temblor sent from God him-or-her-self.

We're talking about millions of dollars in taxpayer money down the drain.

We're talking about not guilty.

We're talking about two-hundred-some-odd days of amazingly dull testimony.

We're talking about - dare I say it? - a "travesty of justice."

We're talking, of course, about O.J.

Unless you've been hiding under your bed for the past week or so, you already know that O.J. Simpson - Hall of Fame football player, Hertz spokesperson, unfortunate sidekick in *The Naked Gun* movies, wife-beater, and, yes, murderer - walked. He got off. He beat the rap. He stuck it to the Man. He was found not guilty by a jury that changed faces and demographics so many times as to virtually unrecognizable. O.J. Simpson, acquitted of the double-murder of Ron Goldman and his ex-wife, Nicole Brown

Simpson.

Weird, huh? It's all over now, and the outcome isn't what anyone expected. Not guilty? No one ever considered that verdict as an option (except the jury, of course, and O.J.'s motley defense team). Guilty, yes. Hung jury, perhaps. Mistrial, most likely. I don't think the words "not guilty" and "O.J. Simpson" ever walked hand in hand in the collective mind of America. Which, I suppose, is why everyone seems to be so shocked and up-in-arms about the unexpected verdict.

Well, okay, I have to admit that I was caught a tad off-guard by O.J.'s acquittal. I was quick to self-righteous anger, saying that of course he did it, all the evidence points to ol' Orenthal (what a fucking *horrible* name, by the way), how could that dumb-ass jury not see the obvious? But then I calmed down some, and realized that, yes, evidence pointed to O.J. as the murderer, but that evidence was *circumstantial* and in no way should be seen as proof. The DNA matches, the bloody glove, the Bronco, the sock - they all sound pretty convincing, but, in a strictly legal sense, they're existing on

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A Little More on Orenthal Simpson

Continued from previous page
the San Andreas fault (uh . . . shaky ground. Get it? Fuck, never mind). No murder weapon was found, no witness could place O.J. at the scene of the crime (there is that disturbing hour or so in which no one can account for O.J.'s whereabouts, but, again, "innocent before proven guilty" pops in to say hello and maybe stay for some tea). Legally - and let's face it, y'all - O.J. is innocent.

But, you know what I think? I think he's guilty as sin. I think the L.A. District Attorney's office pushed its case too fast, is all. It's too bad about that whole "double jeopardy" clause, because I'd really like to see the bastard go to jail. Wife-beaters don't really stand in all that high regard in my book. Granted, being a wife-beater doesn't necessarily make you a murderer, but . . . I don't know. It's just this feeling in my gut that screams, "He did it!" There's absolutely nothing I can do about it, and, really, I don't want to do anything about it. I'm just fascinated by the whole thing.

Example: the defense team's main strategy actually worked. They weren't *really* working to prove O.J.'s innocence, or even to cast reasonable doubt. No, Cochran & Co. were just looking to drag the motherfucking case out for as long as they possibly could. Bore the sequestered jury out of their goddamn skulls. Why else keep Dennis Fong on the stand for

eleven days? And, the thing is, it worked! The jury deliberated four hours - *four hours*, after God knows how many mind-numbingly dull hours of direct examination, cross examination, re-direct, re-cross, etcetera - before they reached a verdict. That just tells me that those poor jurors (imagine being called to *that* jury duty - yikes) wanted to get the fuck out of there and get on with their lives, so rudely interrupted and truncated by this media-circus of a trial. Those jurors - especially the six or so who made it the whole way through - went way above the call of civic duty, approaching somewhere near sainthood.

I really have to tip my hat to Johnny and the boys. Their brilliant legal strategy wasn't even a particularly legal one (legal in the sense of the profession of law). Damn, what a stroke of genius, born out of pure desperation. Bravo, boys! Bravo!

Still, O.J.'s guilty. Oh well. So he walks. It happens all the time. It's the price we pay for our judicial system, fucked up as it may sometimes be. I can't stand it, the way some people are calling O.J.'s acquittal a "travesty of justice." Come on. The Rodney King trial was a travesty of justice. Finding Hitler innocent of perpetrating the Holocaust would be a travesty of justice, had the little fuck not blown his brains out in that bunker. Places like Haiti, Bosnia and Rwanda are perpetual travesties of justice. This . . . ? This is

just some schmuck who murdered his ex-wife and her friend because of his insane jealousy and desires to control everything in his life, including people. So he was found innocent. Again, happens all the time. It's just because he's a fucking celebrity that people say this is a travesty of justice. It's just because O.J. Simpson is a fairly well-known name and face that this trial got any notice at all. I think it's time we all stopped making it more important than it really is. "The Trial of the Century?" Yeah, my ass. "The Trial of the Picture Tube" is more like it.

(In a related vein: I wonder what the hell CNN is going to do now. I mean, the O.J. trial has been their daytime programming for nine months or so. Does this mean that they're going to have to start broadcasting - *gasp!* - news again? Heaven forbid.)

Well, hopefully, we'll now be able to move on from this inane, albeit fascinating, media circus and focus on more important things, like what's going to happen this week on *Friends* or what the real Luke Perry is like in bed. You know, the earth-shaking stuff. Chechnya? What's that?

That's it for this week, folks. If you have any questions, comments, O.J. is guilty, suggestions, hate mail, O.J. is guilty, and the like, about this or any other "Section Hate," O.J. is guilty, you can reach me by snail

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Meat Eating Lady Bugs... I Think...

On Pot Pies and Ladybugs:

I have been eating a lot of chicken lately. I decided about two weeks ago that it was really about time I gave up on being a vegetarian was a vegetarian for over four years because the concept of eating animal flesh made me kind of weak in the stomach. I wasn't a vegetarian because I didn't like the taste of animal flesh or because I was trying to save the world. Vegetarianism wasn't a cause for me like it is to many. I just decided meat wasn't for me. And then, four years later, bored with cheese and vegetables, I decided that maybe it was.

I began with the Cheap Pot Pie Integration Theory. For those of you who would like to begin to consuming meat but can't just dig into a piece of KFC or slap a chop on the grill without feeling guilty, let me recommend this. The basis of this theory is that pot

pies, though inexpensive, contain very little meat. You will usually hit a chunk of meat every third bite. This morsel tends to be no larger than a cubic inch and sometimes you may swallow it without realizing it.

That is exactly my point. This bit of meat is small and will give you a chance to get yourself acquainted with this animal consumption. After a few pies, you can move up to a burrito at Taco Bell where you will get more meat per square inch, but still not have to look at the meat you are eating.

After this, a deli sandwich may be in order- slices of this flesh, but hiding between the vegetarian's friend- bread. Then try a burger or a meatball where you will have to look at it, but not necessarily be conscious that it came from an animal- no bone. After that, you can progress to cutlets. Still, not attached to the bone, but a real chunk of flesh. After you've been eating cutlets for a while, you may feel like you are ready to move onto a drumstick.

I also have to say this: what the hell is up with all the fucking lady bugs on campus? They've taken to Hampshire College like Birds in that Hitchcock film. I was sitting outside of the library the other day, flicking ladybugs off of my friend's shirt and pants for about five minutes until I looked up and saw them circling. At first I thought they were bees, but they were too small.

I came home later that day to find my modmates hiding in their rooms, with all of the shades pulled and the lights off. I don't know what they were hoping to do- perhaps confuse the bugs and make them think it was night time so they'd sleepwalk out of the mod. I tried sweeping some of them off of the ceiling, but they flew right back. I turned on the halogen lamp in the common space, only to have to turn it off half an hour later because the smoke was so thick from the lady bugs crawling on the bulb and frying themselves.

If you have not smelled the sizzling noise and the putrid odor of frying keratin, you probably don't feel the same way I do about lady bugs now.

A lady bug once or twice a year is cute. You might want to play with it, show it to your friends, "look! a ladybug," get into some ladybug tales, then you flick it outside and get on with your life. Ladybugs are not cute. I hate them. They are invading my privacy. I kill them. I suggest you do the same.

(Danielle Tropea will be eating turkey with her family this Thanksgiving.)

**Danielle Tropea
Special to The Omen**

Jonathan Land,
The End Of the Line,
1995

One Big Paragraph

Well, you know...There's a scene in Annie Hall where the yet-undiscovered Jeff Goldblum (before he drove Geena Davis into lesbian lip-lock limbo wit skanky slut Susan Sarandon, and that's enough alliteration for now) is on the phone whining that he forgot his mantra. Mine happens to be a high nasal intonation of the word "pretentious", and even if I wasn't reminded of it by the two hours I spend each day narcissistically gazing into reflective surfaces like the smegmatic, scum-encrusted silverware breeding syphilis and bad karma in the Washbasin of Doom (somebody here's been pissing in the sinks, I suspect everyone) or Patrick Stewart's head (can someone explain how he can look like an experiment in chemotherapy gone awry and his brother Rod looks like a transport malfunction has permanently grafted Tina Turner's scalp onto his melon?) it immediately popped into my cranium when I met the two beautiful people distributing leaflets and hypocrisy outside of the distribution center for premasticated veggie surprise and milkshakes that double as spermicides. You know, the Socialists (read: too much cash in the old savings account to be true Marxists and move in with dear Uncle Fidel) who have nice, polite little photocopied protests taped to every lamp post, paved road, and bulletin board not already creaking under the weight of public service messages about finding you

heater's clitoris or something. I tried to get a copy of their newspaper, and Tovarisch Establishment had the nerve to try and charge me for it- I mean, two quarters soaked in the blood of the proleyns ain't much, but when it's seventy cents for a can of Drano-Cola and thirty thou for a year of div torture, ACC anal telephony and Saga swill (Nostrodamus forbid that I use this space to vent any of my personal spleen or other internal organs for that matter, but why do people already sore from being subjected to the Tuition Reaming Dance have to use their little swipe-card and cough up more change for just the privilege of salmonella and intestinal cramps? Shouldn't they be paying us for participating in their little Nazi nutrition experiments? Like I told the gravy-stained behemoth and the pierced-nose, hairy-legged velociroptreete, the malevolent Lauri and Hardy of Lesbos, I can't afford to pay for the Agent Orange Ziti Special, but if you wait fifteen minutes it'll be coming back again...but now I've gone off on another tangent and you've probably started flipping through the Phoenix and found a hideous theatrical review entitled, "Zee Cow Goes Moo, zee Horse Goes Ouch. I Love it So." Oh well.) it starts to add up. (Veering back to the main point again, sending a Volvo full of English teachers with patches on their elbows, pipes between their teeth, and unpub-

lished manuscripts of transcendentalist epic poems stuffed into their rectums careening into the divider line on the Highway of Awkward Essay Metaphors...) "We have to work within the system, man," Pseudosocialist Boy told me, but that's exactly the point, chump. You are the system, with your polite PC protests and pretentious posturing (sorry, I promised not to do that anymore. I think it's a nutritional deficiency. Oh well.) You can't just tape a sign that says the word "revolution" in its header to a piece of public property - you have to actually break something, comrade: rip apart the bulletin board, chainsaw the door, beat me into a pulp, leave the lamp-post so twisted and mangled it looks like there was a massive program of first-years suburban white girls who've suddenly decided they hate everything tall and cylindrical. Better yet, blow something up. Start a riot in the library, you deserve a free computer for all the cash this place is sucking out of you daily and blowing into the pockets of yurt technicians. Just remember, half of the from the vending machine goes to the school store and the other half goes to some equally inane fascist institution, so just break the damn thing and vee vill trink vine beneath the villoe trees. Otherwise you're just another whining, puling mammoth, a pretentious hypocrite pissing propa-

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OJ's End

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mail at Box 21 O.J. is guilty, or via the lovely infobahn at jobF92@hamp O.J. is guilty. So, as always, remember: O.J. is guilty keep your feet on the ground O.J. is guilty but keep reaching for the stars.

O.J. is thppth.

**Josh Brassard
Section Hate Editor**

Fiction

I Guess This Is Art...

"You're thinking about something else," he said.

"I am not."

There was a silence. Chad was sitting in Anne's desk chair, his puffy white sneakers gone fluttering and gray were propped on her pink bedspread, which was covered with daisies. Did it ever occur to you, he thought, that yellow and pink don't GO? He closed his eyes and they opened again immediately, as though he hadn't latched them properly.

Same 'Graph

Continued from previous page

ganda in circles while standing outside the Temple of Gastrointestinal Disorders. And don't subscribe to an ideology unless you're willing to commit - you don't want the death penalty in Massachusetts, here's an easy solution, smeghead - kill the governor. You'll get your picture on the cover of the Omen. My advice for a good photo: hold up a newspaper.

Jeremy Treppin

"Are you sure you're concentrating?"

"Chad, I'm concentrating."

She was sitting with her back to him, looking at herself in the mirror across the room. *This is what I look like to him, sitting on my bed*, she would be thinking, and she was slowly and lovingly brushing her long dyed red hair. She had been dying it over and over again, since she was thirteen (he had known her then, in grade school), first different exotic colors from a mail-order catalog (there were no such stores in Hall, New Hampshire) but then during freshman year of high school she decided she wanted to be a redhead and she had been ever since. *There are two different kinds of redheads*, she had thought, and still thought to herself every few weeks or so when a pale brown line appeared on either side of the part that sliced her head neatly in half. *Two different kinds: there are the real redheads, and there are the fake redheads*. She would always be a fake redhead. Redheads—particularly real redheads—were always special somehow, even if they were senseless or dumb or lacked breasts or anything else sexy. Them and their stupid freckles.

She held a thick lock of her straight hair about an inch from the bottom and brushed noisily at the tuft sticking out from her fist. There were always tangles that would not come untangled, even though she used handfuls of pale green conditioner. She frowned at her reflection, and Chad saw her reflection frowning.

"Anne—"

"Chad. I'm. Concentrating."

He narrowed his eyes. He wanted to say *don't talk to ME that way* but he didn't. Anne talked to everyone fresh when she was in certain moods, responding to questions as though she'd answered them a million times, and other things she pretended not to hear. "Anne, I'm not getting anything here."

"No, neither am I." She shrugged and did not take her eyes off her reflection.

"Maybe we're not trying hard enough."

Anne raised an eyebrow. He had used *we* to mean *you*. She waited a minute, started brushing

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More "Art"

Continued from previous page

her hair again, then she said, "Granted you're the expert on this, Chad, but I don't think this is going to work if we stay in the same room."

"Why?"

"Didn't you ever read about that horse? There used to be a famous horse that could add and stuff...Like the master would say, 'What's 5 plus 2?' and the horse would stomp his foot seven times and everyone would be, like, *oooooh*. And then he said the horse could read minds, like 'What number am I thinking of?', and the horse would start stomping its hoof and it would *watch* the face of the person who was thinking of the number and as it started getting closer to the number, the horse would see the person's face start to tense up and it would *read* the body language in peoples' faces to know when to stop stomping. And I'm afraid that if we're in the same room, you know, what we decide the other person might be thinking wouldn't be based just on whatever we might be able to receive telepathically, it would also be based on maybe what you could see of my body language. Like if I were trying to send the message...*I love you* then couldn't you just read that in my face?"

"You've had your back to me this whole time, Anne."

She made a gagging noise. *He's so STUPID*, is what it meant. "I was just trying to contribute."

"Are you even sending a message right now?" Chad got up to leave. He could hear Anne's father coming up the stairs. Anne's father was an asshole.

"I'm supposed to be the one sending the message?"

"Yes!"

"I thought it was you."

"No, it was you."

"Oh." Anne laughed and shrugged. "Well, no wonder you weren't hearing anything then."

Anne's father was suddenly standing in the doorway, one hand braced on either side of it. He made eye contact with Chad—but not with Anne, who was still looking in the mirror and did not even seem to notice he was there—and then he left. He was always appearing and disappearing like that and you were supposed to interpret the meaning of his presence.

"I'm going," said Chad.

"Okay. See you."

Chad started to go, sighing loudly, and taking the time to zip up his jacket, something he never did. Anne was looking at a maga-

zine now—she read the fucking *Economist*—and she looked up at him once but he wasn't looking at him then. He was looking over her head into the mirror, adjusting the collar of his shirt neatly over the corduroy collar of his jacket. He left, closing her bedroom door loudly but not slamming it. He stood in the dark hall (the only light the dark yellow strip under the bathroom door) waiting for her to call him. She didn't. He opened her door a crack and put his face through. She looked up from the magazine, her long hair shifting on her shoulders, and she looked beautiful. "What's up?" she said.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

She held up the magazine. "Reading. This."

He paused. "Okay." Then he just stood there, not coming all the way back into the room.

"Are you mad because of this fucking mind reading thing?" she asked finally.

"No." He stopped and then repeated: "No." *You have no idea how I feel, do you?*

"Okay, then I'll see you later."

"Oh. Kay."

Continued on next page

<Insert "Artsy" Remark Here>

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She picked up the magazine, rattled it exaggeratedly, and started reading it. It was a masking-taped-together issue from the library. Anne was cheap and would not buy her own magazines, so she had to wait and read issues that were half-destroyed and a month old. Once you start working, Chad, she had said, you'll understand. I do work, he had said. Yeah? she had said. I work on myself, he said.

He went out and closed the door even more audibly this time but it still could not be called slamming. This is not resolved, he thought. I'm going for good. But by 'for good', he meant for the night only. I'm going to piss first, he decided. He liked pissing at Anne's house. It gave him a feeling of territoriality, and there was a soft-hued painting of Jesus over the toilet. There had just been no other good place in the house for it, Anne had said, in the bathroom once with him to stand on the scale to show him how much weight she'd lost. And we've always HAD this painting of Jesus in our house, for like three generations, she said. It came over with my great-great-grandparents on the boat. It was in their old house in France. It's all we have left of them. It felt weird to look at Jesus while you were pissing. He liked the feeling.

The yellow light was gone

from under the bathroom door. The way that man crept around. Chad walked in and he touched hairy flesh instead of the light switch. He screamed, and Anne's dad reached and turned on the light himself, smearing white shaving cream all over the light switch and the wallpaper just above it. "I was shaving in the dark, young man," he said, and had this shit-eating grin all over his face.

"Why?" *You were spying on us.*

"It makes me feel more one with myself. I don't have to rely on a separate image of myself. And since I can't SEE if the hair is coming away or not, it makes me more process-oriented and less results-oriented." Anne's father calmly turned toward the mirror and started shaving again, slowly. The mirror had lights all around it. It was supposed to look like a star's dressing room mirror.

Why are you always telling me these things? Chad watched Anne's father shave. He noticed that Anne's father's hands did not tremble at all, even in such a delicate situation. He could have been a surgeon instead of a salesman at Radio Shack. Anne's father was incredibly, almost disgustingly hairy, and he had to shave hair from underneath his chin and down the front of his neck. He had his head tilted back now, shaving around his Adam's

apple.

"I was going to piss," Chad said after a minute or two.

"Go right ahead."

"Well—"

"Weren't you in the Boy Scouts?"

"No."

"You should have been. Every boy should be in the Boy Scouts."

"Was Anne in the Girl Scouts?"

Anne's father ignored the question. "I was in the Boy Scouts. I even became an Eagle Scout. It was a lot of fun, a lot of fun. And if we had to piss, we'd just get up and go. At night or in the late afternoon or in unfamiliar territory, we'd just go in twos or threes. We got used to it. It was fun."

"It was fun?"

"People are too privacy-oriented these days. DON'T LOOK AT ME, DON'T TALK TO ME. You know, you look at the guy in the next urinal over and he's liable to just kick your ass."

If that guy was me, I'd kick your ass. "Yeah, I guess that's

Continued on next page

Pretty Long, Ain't It?

Continued from previous page
how it is."

"Yes, people are way, way too privacy-oriented. That's why I don't let you two have the door closed."

"That's why?" Chad said.

"Yes, I think teenage girls have a big way of shutting themselves off from their fathers. That is, unless their fathers break all the rules their mothers make and buy them stereo systems and other gifts. I want to make sure that Anne doesn't shut herself off from me. I won't allow it. And she has a very nice stereo system anyway, doesn't she? I heard you two playing it. It's got the 5 CD changer, it's got the double tape deck, it's got the record turntable. I take that as proof that my system works. She's got all the frills, yet she and I don't have the constrictions of a bribery-based relationship. She bought that stereo herself. She's a very hard worker. I'm a big believer in hard work." He sponged the last of the shaving cream from his face and examined his reflection. "I would say, good enough. Tomorrow's my day off."

"Anything's good enough on a day off, I guess."

"No, no, no. We must strive for the best, we must strive for the best at all times." Anne's father tossed the dirty washcloth

into the sink and walked out. "I'll leave you to your business now, son."

Chad undid his zipper and stood over the toilet. He felt strangely exposed. Then he looked over and saw that Anne's dad had left the bathroom door standing wide open. Hand cupped over his crotch, he hurried over, closed, and locked it. Then his piss fell into the toilet as though he hadn't been holding it at all.

@@@

Chad lay in bed with his penis in his hand and thought of Tina Wu. He wanted to fuck Tina Wu. He wanted to fuck her bad. But you didn't fuck people like Tina Wu, you fucked people like Anne, whose skinny spine felt like big staples running down her back. Tina Wu was naturally thin and petite and dressed well and had hair much more beautiful than Anne's. Perhaps it was because it had remained its natural color. But you always ended up fucking people like Anne. That was how it was, or how it had been, in Chad's limited time on earth. He rolled over and faced the dark lump that was his sleeping brother on the other side of the room, between Chad and the window. "I want to fuck Tina Wu," he said to his snoring brother, but his brother was asleep. He had known that, or he would not have said that, since then he would have had to gently explain fucking to a

nine-year-old, and it was Chad's general belief that the facts of life ought not be taught in a dark bedroom. It was dangerous knowledge, it was just dangerous knowledge. Here he was seventeen years old and already it had gotten him in a lot of trouble.

Tina Wu liked him though, and walked in step with him whenever she saw him in the hall at school, talking and listening to him talk. Tina Wu was smart and Tina Wu did not like many other people, so it meant something—it meant a lot—when she liked you.

Once Tina Wu took him to the opening of a show at a local storefront gallery with a dirty tiled floor. Her parents' hairdresser's roommate was the featured artist which was how she got in, and her parents did not think the show was worthwhile, so they gave Tina the tickets. All of the artists' prints were dark and had dark images of ghosts and ghostly faces with eyes like empty mussel shells and open mouths that seemed to be wailing something. Tina Wu drank three small paper cups full of champagne and it made her hiccup but it did not make her drunk. Tina Wu kept bottles of Absolut vodka behind the long draperies in her bedroom, and drank them entirely by herself, at least one a week. Her violin teacher bought her more.

You figure it out, Corky

It's Almost Over...

I'm real impressed.

Tina got very close to the prints and put her stubby fingers even closer, tracing in the air the lines of the images. "I think these are beautiful."

"I guess. I can only look at one picture for so long, you know?"

"No. No. These mean something, Chaddy. Look. Look at these pictures. This woman, Jane"—she called her Jane without knowing her that well—"Jane has SEEN these things. I can tell."

Tina Wu did acid with a group of mysterious people she referred to only as "her friends." Chad, however, had the feeling that when Tina spoke of him to others she said only that he was "this guy I know." That instinct hurt him. He assumed that Tina Wu had seen the ghosts—she had IMPLIED, after all, that maybe she had seen those ghosts, too, the ones in the prints—perhaps when she was on acid and so he bought two tabs of acid from two dirty boys who were randomly standing in the parking lot of the high school one day after school, their hair blowing crazily in the fall wind so it looked the hair of the women on the shampoo commercials.

He told Anne about it. "And I bought one for you, too," he said.

She wrinkled her nose. "I have no interest in drugs."

"Neither do I, but—"

"In fact, I really disapprove of what you're doing." She peered at the two small pieces of paper, lying on a wrinkled sheet of tin foil in the palm of his hand. "This is really bad."

"How can you say that if you've never tried it?"

"Oh, that's such a stupid question. That's so cheap."

She wouldn't do it but she wanted to watch him do it. "We have to do it at my house," he said. "I don't want to be on the second floor in case I try to jump out the window."

She sat cross-legged on his brother's bed, playing absently with some of his action figures, and watched him close the door carefully and brace it with a chair. "We might be in here a long time," he said. "I don't know much about this."

"Like I do?"

"Hm." He sat on the floor next to the bed and took out one of the tabs. It was small and white and sinister-looking. "If I try to kill myself, will you stop me?"

"Of course. I'll try."

"I know someone who took acid and blacked out and woke up in an oven and it was ON and the door was closed. Don't let me get in the oven, okay?"

"I don't think you'd fit in the oven."

He hesitated and then he ate it. Then he just sat there for a long time and looked at the planes on his brother's Air Force poster. Anne turned on the small TV on top of the tall dresser and watched a rerun of *Full House*. During a commercial she said, "I would think this show would be pretty scary on acid. Is it?"

"I really don't feel anything at all."

Full House came back on and finished. When the credits appeared, Anne asked, "Well, do you feel anything now?"

"No." He sighed and stretched out his legs. He had had them sucked right up close to his body this whole time and hadn't noticed. "Maybe I'm immune to acid."

"Maybe your parents have been feeding you small doses of acid with your macaroni and cheese your whole life and you've been tripping all along for seventeen STRAIGHT YEARS."

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More Constitution...

Continued from page 5

The Executive Committee of the Faculty shall set the agenda for the Faculty Meeting.

The Membership of the Executive Committee of the Faculty shall consist of one member elected from each of the Schools of the College and the President of the College, ex officio.

The Executive Committee of the Faculty shall elect its own Chair.

The Executive Committee of the Faculty shall receive and consider all requests from members of the Hampshire community for agenda items. It will also receive reports from the Educational Policy Council, Community Council, and the Deans' Meeting and shall report to the

Faculty Meeting on such matters it deems appropriate.

In the event that the Faculty Meeting wishes to discuss any matter not presented to it by the Executive Committee of the Faculty, it may do so by a simple majority vote of the Faculty Meeting members present at any meeting.

Section 5: School Meeting

Each School of Hampshire College shall form a body to be known as the School Meeting. The School Meeting shall be responsible for curriculum development for and instruction and assessment of the educational program of its School. The School Meeting also shall be responsible for planning and execution of

such activities as may support the educational program of its School. Also, the School Meeting shall be responsible for consideration of reappointment and promotion of faculty members as specified by the Faculty Meeting and described in the Faculty Handbook.

The Membership of each School Meeting shall consist of those then holding Faculty appointment within that School, less those then on leave, and student members to be elected by then standing Members of each School Meeting. The number of student members of a School Meeting shall not be less than one-third of the number then holding Faculty appointment within that School, including those then on leave.

Each School Meeting shall be chaired by the Dean of the School.

A School Meeting may consider any action of the Dean of the School and may modify or repeal such action if a two-thirds majority of members of that School Meeting vote to do so.

Each School Meeting shall determine the rules for its own procedures.

Section 6: School Dean

Each School Meeting of Hampshire College shall elect a Dean who shall be responsible for administration of his or her School, the management of its budget, and participation in the Deans' Meeting, as herein de-

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The End...

Continued from previous page

"I'd hate to think I was immune to this. I'm unable to relate to so many of the other supposed good times in the world," Chad said. "I'd hate to have to miss out on this."

Anne slid off the bed and squatted on the floor beside him. "You're immune to fun, Chad?" She cupped his chin in her hand.

"I think I am." He laughed nervously.

"Are you immune to SEX?"

"I don't know..."

[details of sex]

[Anne takes acid before sex and likes it "I'm not going to tell you what I thought I was fucking!"]

During sex, the phone, which looked like the red phone from the 60s Batman series, began to ring.

[It was Tina with news of her lost virginity.]

[Chad goes to library to return books. Story ends, hopefully.]

Anna Seney

Stop Reading Now

Continued from previous page

scribed in Section 6. Also, the Dean shall be responsible for representing the interests of his or her School to the administration.

Section 7: Deans' Meeting

The Deans' Meeting shall formulate the academic budget for the College and shall, in consultation with the School Meetings, determine the allocation and description of open faculty positions. The Deans' Meeting may also discuss matters of academic policy.

The Membership of the Deans' Meeting shall consist of the Deans of the Schools of Hampshire College and the Dean of the Faculty, who will chair.

The Deans' Meeting shall report to the Executive Committee of the Faculty on actions it has taken and on recommendations concerning academic policy.

Article II: Educational Policy Council

Section 1: Jurisdiction

The Educational Policy Council shall be responsible for matters relating to the educational program of the College as delegated to it by the Faculty. Such responsibilities shall include, but are not limited to, the determination and approval of the curriculum, academic calendar, degree requirements, and academic standards. It shall encourage and promote innovative programs and educational experiments.

Section 2: Membership

The Educational Policy Council shall consist of two faculty members from each School, elected by each School Meeting; One School Dean, elected by the Deans' Meeting; six students from the student body at-large, elected by the student body at-large, who must be in good academic standing; one member of the academic staff, elected by the Staff Council; one member of the administration, elected by the administration; and the Dean of the Faculty or his or her designee, ex officio. All members of the Educational Policy Council must have been affiliated with Hampshire College for at least one full semester. Each member shall be elected for a two year term.

Section 3: Conduct of Business

The Educational Policy Council shall meet on a schedule sufficient to conduct its regular affairs during the academic year.

It shall determine the rules for its own procedures and elect its own chair.

The Educational Policy Council shall report to the Executive Committee of the Faculty on actions it has taken.

Article III: Community Council

Section 1: Jurisdiction

The Community Council shall be responsible for matters relating to the quality of life of members of the Hampshire community as well as the well-being of the Hampshire community as delegated to it by the Faculty. Such responsibilities shall include, but are not limited to, the determination of standards of student conduct; determination of social, housing, health and safety policies; and regulation and funding of student organizations.

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More Constitution...

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The Community Council shall delegate power to administer these policies to the Dean of Students and the House Offices.

The Community Council may consider any action of the Dean of Students or his or her designee or the House Offices and may modify or repeal such action if a two-thirds majority of those then holding Community Council seats vote to do so.

Section 2: Membership

The Community Council shall consist of one student from each House, elected by the residents of each house; one off-campus student, elected by off-campus students; two at-large student representatives per two-hundred enrolled students, elected by currently enrolled students; one faculty member from each School, elected by each School Meeting; one staff member, elected by the Staff Council; one member of the administration, elected by the administration; three House professional staff members, elected by the House professional staff; and the Coordinator of Student Activities as voting members and the Dean of Students or his or her designee, ex officio. All student representatives must be in good academic standing.

There shall be no restriction to Community Council membership as to duration of affiliation with Hampshire College.

Each student member shall be elected for a two year term while all other elected members shall serve a one year term.

Section 3: Conduct of Business

The Community Council shall meet on a schedule sufficient to conduct its regular affairs during the academic year.

It shall determine the rules for its own procedures and elect its own chair.

The Community Council shall report to the Executive Committee of the Faculty on actions it has taken.

Section 4: Dean of Students

The Dean of Students or his or her designee shall administer policy as set by the Community Council. In recognition of the dynamic nature of the charge of the Dean of Students, he or she may also apply modified policy as he or she deems appropriate and shall report on such actions taken as he or she deems appropriate or as requested by the Community Council.

Section 5: House Office

The House Office shall administer policy as set by the Community Council. In recognition of the dynamic nature of the charge of the House Office, they may also apply modified policy as is deemed appropriate and shall report on such actions taken as is deemed appropriate or as requested by the Community Council.

Article IV: Staff Council

Section 1: Jurisdiction

The Staff Council shall be responsible for examining, representing and promoting issues of concern

Continued on next page

I Didn't Know Greg Got a Harem

Continued from previous page

to the staff of the College. Also, the Staff Council shall be responsible for implementing the guidelines contained in the document entitled Workplace Democracy, which shall become part of this Constitution. The Staff Council shall advise the Personnel Office on personnel policy and facilitate communication between the staff and the senior administration of the College. It may also recommend action to any other governance body of Hampshire College.

Section 2: Membership

The Staff Council shall consist of seven members elected from the staff and administrators (excluding Budget Supervisors) of the College, and from departmental constituencies such as their bylaws shall proscribe.

All members of the Staff Council must have been affiliated with Hampshire for at least two semesters.

Each member shall be elected for a two year term.

Section 3: Conduct of Business

The Staff Council shall meet on a schedule sufficient to conduct its regular affairs during the academic year.

It shall determine the rules for its own procedures and elect its own chair.

Article V: Administrative Committee

Section 1: Jurisdiction

The Administrative Committee (ADCOM) shall advise the President.

Section 2: Membership

The Administrative Committee shall be a body of the chief administrative officers of the College. Its membership shall be set by the President of the College.

Section 3: Conduct of Business

The agenda and meeting schedule shall be set by the President of the College.

Article VI: Judicial Council

Section 1: Jurisdiction

The Judicial Council shall provide a forum to hear and decide matters of interpretation or grievance. Such matters may arise due to conflicting interpretations of policies, rules, or jurisdiction. Such matters may also arise due to perceived infractions of the Constitution of Hampshire College, Norms for Community Living, or any other rule, by-law, or standard for conduct.

The Judicial Council shall also hear employment-related grievances as specified in the staff and student employee grievance procedures.

The Judicial Council shall delegate the power to conduct business relating to formal complaints of harassment and discrimination to a Human Rights Board, as herein described in Section 4.

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Two Score and Five Years Ago...

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Section 2: Membership

The Judicial Council shall consist of one student from each House, elected by the residents of each house; one off-campus student, elected by off-campus students; one faculty member from each School, elected by each School; one staff member, elected by the Staff Council; one member of the administration, elected by the administration; the Chairpersons of the Executive Committee of the Faculty, Education Policy Council, Community Council, and the Staff Council.

Section 3: Conduct of Business

The Judicial Council shall meet on a schedule sufficient to conduct its regular affairs during the academic year.

It shall determine the rules for its own procedures and elect its own chair.

Section 4: Human Rights Board

There shall be a Human Rights Board responsible for hearing formal complaints of harassment and discrimination from members of the Hampshire College Community. Its members shall be appointed by the President of the College in consultation with the Judicial Council, Affirmative Action Committee and the harassment and discrimination officers, who have been appointed by the President.

Article VII: Task Forces

Section 1: Jurisdiction

The Faculty Meeting, Executive Committee of the Faculty, Deans' Meeting, Educational Policy Council, Community Council, Staff Council, Administrative Committee, Judicial Council, all committees of such bodies, the Dean of Faculty, Dean of Students, and the President of the College shall have the power to create Task Forces to study and report on particular issues of concern to the Hampshire Community.

Section 2: Membership

Membership on a Task Force shall be open to any member of the Hampshire community. Members shall be appointed at the discretion of their creating body or individual.

Section 3: Conduct of Business

The creation of a Task Force shall be reported to the Executive Committee of the Faculty, Educational Policy Council, Community Council, Staff Council, Administrative Committee, and the Judicial Council.

Each Task Force created must be given a date by which to complete their work, must report to the body which or individual who created them, and must dissolve.

No Task Force shall itself make policy.

Article VIII: All-College Meeting

Section 1: Procedures

The entire Hampshire College community may be convened for special sessions upon the request of the President, Faculty Meeting, Executive Committee of the Faculty, Educational Policy Council,

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The Phoenix Never Did This...

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Community Council, or the Staff Council or upon submission of a petition seeking such a meeting signed by at least fifty members of the Hampshire College community. A petition must state specific issues to be considered by the All-College Meeting as well as the proposed date and time for the meeting.

The agenda for such meetings shall be defined by the body or petition calling it.

Notice for such meetings shall be delivered to the Executive Committee of the Faculty, Educational Policy Council, Community Council, Staff Council, Administrative Committee, and the Judicial Council and shall be posted widely on-campus not less than five days prior to the convening of the meeting.

Article IX: Protections

Section 1: Definitions

This Constitution is adopted subject to the Bylaws of the Trustees of Hampshire College. Nothing in this Constitution shall be construed to alter the allocation of powers indicated by the Bylaws of the Trustees of Hampshire College, including the powers of the President under Article VI, Section 3.

No body or individual authorized by this Constitution shall act contrary to those Bylaws or to the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts or the United States of America.

The constituency described in this Constitution as the administration shall include all members of the Hampshire College administration who do not hold faculty appointment

The constituency described in this Constitution as the academic staff shall include all members of the administrative staff under the general supervision of the Dean of Faculty.

Section 2: Access to Governance

All meetings of the Executive Committee of the Faculty, Faculty Meeting, Educational Policy Council, Community Council, Staff Council, and the Administrative Committee and all committees of these bodies shall be open to all members of the Hampshire College community except in such cases where matters deemed to be confidential shall be discussed. In such cases, meetings shall be considered closed to the general community only during that portion of the meeting where such matters will be discussed.

The time, place, and agenda of all meetings shall be announced to the Hampshire community at least three working days prior to the meeting. Such announcements should indicate where past minutes of the body may be obtained.

Each elected governance body shall have a procedure for electing its members in a timely fashion. Each governance body, including Task Forces, shall have a chairperson and shall produce minutes recording their deliberations. These minutes, with the exception of portions which are deemed confidential during the course of a meeting, shall be posted in a location accessible to the College community as well as deposited in the College Archives.

Section 3: Restrictions on Service

No elected individual may serve at one time on more than two of the following: Executive Committee of the Faculty, School Meeting, Community Council, Staff Council, Judicial Council with the exception that appointment to any of these bodies by this Constitution shall not be a bar to service.

Whenever a person elected from a specific constituency to a governance post is no longer a member

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It Just Keeps Going

Continued from previous page

of that constituency, he or she shall relinquish all privileges and responsibilities of the post and a replacement shall be found from the appropriate constituency as soon as possible.

Section 4: Norms for Community Living

4.1. Charge

Members of the Hampshire College community share a common concern for the individual person and his or her personal development. Each member of the community has certain rights that afford personal protection and insure that the College's commitment to learning and the advancement of knowledge through free inquiry will not be interfered with. No member of this community shall violate the rights of any other member, as represented by the norms described in this document.

4.2. Membership

All persons affiliated with Hampshire College are considered members of the Hampshire community. The families of any of these members are members while they are on the Hampshire campus. All invited guests are considered members while they are on the Hampshire campus and are therefore expected to abide by College policies.

4.3. Right of Assembly

All members of the Hampshire community have a right to peaceable assemble and petition for the redress of their grievances.

4.4. Right of Freedom of Communication of Ideas

All members of the Hampshire community have the right to freely express their ideas provided that the method of expression does not violate any other rights affirmed by this document. Any member of the College has the right to publish and distribute without interference. However, while such members may not be subject to previous restraint they shall be held accountable for any erroneous, malicious, or libelous statements that violate any other right affirmed by this document.

4.5. Right of Integrity

Every member of the Hampshire community is entitled to the Right of Integrity. The Right of Integrity is composed of three parts:

Academic Integrity: Every member of the College community has the exclusive right to his or her own academic work. To use or convert another's work as one's own for academic credit, public approbation, or monetary gain violates this right.

Business Integrity: Every member of the College community has the right to expect that any business conducted with any other member is free from malice and fraud.

Personal Integrity: Every member of the College community has the right not to be the subject of slander or libel, and not to have his or her character impugned.

4.6. Right of Personal Security

Every member of the Hampshire community has the right to be secure from threat or physical abuse or mental anguish by any other person or device or substance controlled by any other person.

Section 5: Amendment

Any proposed amendment to the Constitution must be ratified by the Educational Policy Council, Community Council, Staff Council, and the Faculty Meeting. Ratification requires passage by a simple majority in each body.

A Jazz Event

On November 2, 1995 at 8 pm in Bowker Auditorium, the red hot jazz artist Cassandra Wilson will demonstrate why Time Magazine calls her the "most accomplished jazz vocalist of her generation..."

Drawing from her earliest musical memories in Jackson, Mississippi with her father (guitarist Herman B. Fowlkes), to her experience playing folk music in college, to fronting the blues band Blue John and her decade-and-a-half of performing jazz, Wilson has collected a distinct musical collage consisting of music as diverse as Robert Johnson's "Hellhound on My Trail" Joni Mitchell's "Black Crow," Van Morrison's "Tupelo

Honey," Ray Charles's standard "Tell Me You'll Wait for Me," as well as her own compositions such as the funky "Red Bone."

Wilson's quintet creates a sparse environment that allow her vocals to bloom and become a participating instrument that New York Newsday calls "strong, supple, rich and smoky." Along with Lonnie Plaxico on bass, Jeff Haynes on percussion, Lance Carter on drums, Charles Burnham on violin and Brandon Ross on guitar, Wilson uses subtlety to stretch and twist notes like Miles Davis's horn. Time Magazine raves, "You'd have to say that she sings entire epistles, Leo letters to the soul; every sound that leaves her lips is filled

with paragraphs of emotion, written lovingly in longhand with pen and ink."

Since the age of 12 when she first started playing guitar, Wilson has forged her own style and voice. She is very conscious of her contribution to jazz as a female artist. "The men just don't give credit to what the women bring to the music. Betty Carter represents a break with that, because she leads her own band and writes her own songs, but there's still a reluctance to recognize women as innovators. Mary Lou Williams got shortchanged in that regard, and for all the praise that Billie Holiday gets as a vocal stylist, she's seldom acknowledged as a musical genius.

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Do you enjoy **kinky** stories? Does **erotica** turn you on?

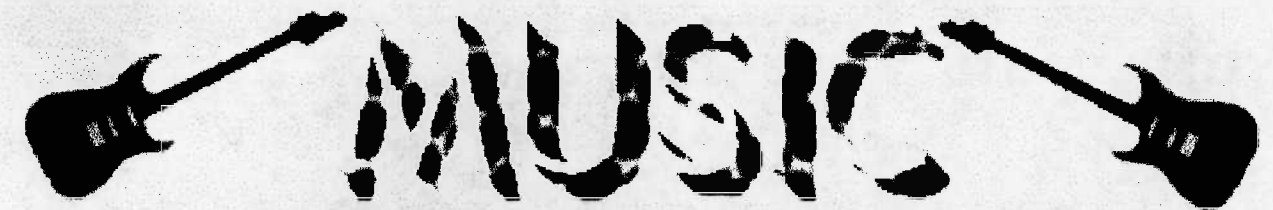
If so.....try writing for the Aids Action Collective Safer Sex Erotica Contest and win cool stuff!!

Now accepting poetry and prose

Deadline.....November 9th

Send your submissions to the Aids Resource Center

Winning entries will be published in our new zine!



Indy Uber Alles!

Capitalism is an industry centered around money-making it, losing it, essentially gaining more of it. I am not here to rant about the evils of capitalism—I am here to make the point that capitalism in and of itself is not really made to benefit the purpose of music, what music is about...Music should not be an industry! Once it becomes so, the idea of music—for the people, by the people (not meant to sound patriotic) is lost in the marketing

and goal of mass production. Here's how:

Major Record labels are multi-million dollar businesses. In order to remain multi-million dollar businesses, they must appeal to the most number of people possible. In America, the best way to do this is by throwing out onto the vast net of pop culture—something that invariably (whether we like it or not) affects us all in one way or another.

Pop culture can be defined as the world of images that are created and filtered into various forms of popular media. It is reflective of America's (once again, very general) view of themselves and is made to appeal to the the most marketable groups of American society—which is why what is popular and acceptable in American society is constantly changing as the money flow shifts.

Unfortunately, a problem with this is that many people have many different views of what people are like and what they want. America is so diverse and eclectic that there is no possible way that big businesses, and the media, can keep track of the needs and lives of so many subgroups. That is probably an unavoidable situation. The problem lies in the happy medium that is reached and presented in pop culture. Pop culture tends to lump a certain group together so much that they begin to prescribe certain qualities about it that are so overblown that they cease to be real or viable ways of understanding that group. What is essentially created is a fantasy. Marketers and businesses play up to this fantasy because it is the

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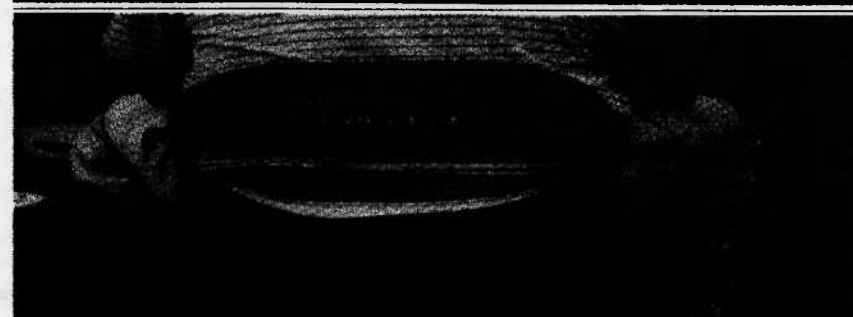
A Jazz Event Continued

She was the first to prove that you could make soft sounds and still have a powerful emotional impact. She was understanding jazz long before Miles ever stuck a mute in his horn; she was the true 'birth of cool.'"

From Wilson's early work with Ellis Marsalis, to her contribution to Brooklyn's M-Base movement, to her current combinations of urban jazz with

country blues and folk, she has secured her place along-side Betty Carter, Sarah Vaughn, and Billie Holiday in revolutionizing the jazz art.

Tickets for this performance are \$20 and \$12 with \$5 tickets for Five-College Students. Tickets for children 16 and under are \$8. For tickets or more information, please call the Fine Arts Center Box Office at 545-2511



Indy Ends Here

Continued from previous page

most widely experienced by the American public. Does it affect the music you listen to? It can and does, but in varying degrees depending on the amounts of promotion (from simple tee-shirts to preteen band barbie dolls) and how much the individual cares about the promotion and the music. The relationship between the promotion and the music can vary from "The music's so damn good it doesn't matter if it becomes a trend for twelve year olds across the country" to the marketing dictating the music...but it is inevitable that one will affect the other.

I am not saying that any band that signs to a major label is a sell-out. There are indeed benefits of signing yourself to a major label (like better sound and studio rooms) and there are definately ways that bands can (and have, in the past) maintained their artistic values and integrity. A band reaches sell out point when, at least in the listener's personal opinion, they lose sight of those things and no longer are in it for the music, but for the money. And it's always so plain to see when that happens. For these bands, it's not only gyping themselves, but gyping the true fans—the people who actually appreciate the music, and not the image, and it is also a bastardization of music itself.

It's The Omen's New Wave-esque Video weekend featuring:

The Best of Blondie:

(Videos and lots of shots of a cabbie driving around New York City.)

The Human Highway:

(A movie featuring Devo, Neil Young, Dean Stockwell, Dennis Hopper, and more.)

The Very Best of Elvis Costello and the Attractions, 1977- 1986:

(Videos of the poster boy for The Big Book of British Smiles.)

The Jullet Letters: Elvis Costello and the Brodsky Quartet:

(Film of the recording of this pseudo-classical experiment.)

**Be there or be somewhere else,
The Dakin Rec. Room**

Friday Oct. 27th

and Saturday Oct. 28th

Starting at 7:00 P.M. Both nights.